

The last MEMORIAL of the Agent from the K. of POLAND, to the SALAMANCA D^R

My Learned Chaplain,

Foreseeing many Hours are not allotted me to remain in my Earthly Tabernacle I judg'd it requisite to impart my Sentiments to Thee before my *Exit*.

Ah Friend! If *Thy Self*, thy *Father*, and old *Exrae Tonge*, &c. in 1678. (instead of honest *K. K.*) had made a timely application to Me, after you bugger'd out your ill favour'd and imperfect *Embryo* at *Fox-hall* and in *Fulwoods Rents*, I could have lick'd the uncouth *Cub* into a much more gainly and Gentile Form, that would have made the People Moon-blind, and transform'd them into such confounded Asses, that they might have been Bridled, Saddled, and Rid as your good pleasure should have deem'd convenient; yea, and have striven with all their Might and Main to have lost their *Liberty*, *Property* and *Religion*, and like egregious Sots and Coxcombs wilfully to thrust their Necks into a certain Noose of Eternal Slavery and Confusion,

If this notorious *Tragi-comedy* had been first revised and corrected by my experienc'd Hand, I should have imbellish'd it with most curious Touches, and *England* at this day had seen many fair *Commissions* Sealed ^{S^H}, and Signed *Johannes Paulus d'Oliva*; But Ye, like a Triumvirate of silly *Tubsters*, had not the Brains to consider, that One *Commission* would have been a Scene superiour to any in your *Farse*, and have far out-done those *Letters*, which (unknown to You) gave you Reputation.

If my Hand had been earlier at the Oar, Dear *Doctor*, thy *Forty Thousand Pilgrims* and their *Black Bills* had not now been invisible, nor thy numberless *Drury-Lane Daggers* been believ'd *Non-Entities*, nor thy *Doctorhood* at *Salamanca* a very Ridicule, nor the Illustrious *Don John* of *Austria* a *Tall Fair Man*; Neither had thy worthy *Father* at this day sold *Pies* at the *Half Moon* in *Bloomsbury*, (where he died,) nor thy little Brother boy'd *Rumps of Mutton* in *Red-cross-street*, nor Sea Bully *Sam* enter'd the Apartments of the Scolds in *Long-ditch*.

If Ye had attended Me when Ye ought, no Mortal durst now have averred, that there never was such a Man as *Father Strange* the *Jesuit*, who so candidly and frankly unbosom'd himself, and (as *Gabriel* to *Mahomet*) reveal'd to Thee the mighty Mysteries of thy *Alcoran*, which *T. Sm.* of the *Temple* digested into things call'd *Depositions*, or rather Stories of *Cocks* and *Bulls*, and Parson *Jones* prefix'd the *Epistle*, and call'd it by the name of *Narrative*: This was the Sire to numerous hopeful Babes of the same Name and Nature, and Grand-fire to the admired *Narrantine* of thy Renowned Brother the Ingenious *Enstace Comins*; So, as thy prudent Predecessor *Mahomet*, the Impostor, had a juggling *Jew* and a mischievous *Monk*; Thou hadst a discontented *Law-man*, and a discarded *Naval Chaplain* thy Co-adjutors; yet the veryest Logger-head in the Three Nations will never account Thee a *Trophet*, or a *Saviour* worth a Farthing.

I was constrain'd to flie my Countrey in order to preserve my Neck, and to take Sanctuary in that very *Carthage*, I formerly took *Measures* to have destroy'd. Oh! let my *Speech* to the *Lords* and *Commons* be blotted out of the Records of Time! Oh! may my *Delenda est Carthago*, [*Amsterdam must be Darn'd.*] never be remembred by *Butter-boxes* of this or the next Age! Oh! may my Country-men never revert upon Me *Delenda est Septonia*, S——y must be sent to the Devil!

My not being soon enough acquainted with thy Intrigue, is the certain source of all our miseries and misfortunes; That breke and dislocated all *Measures*. The World remembers well, after I became thy Patron and Pilot, how smoothly we all sham'd the Publick; how quickly thou attainedst 12 *l.* a week, to feed a numerous gang of *Rebels* and *Sedition-mongers*, with a *Sett* of antiquated *Ruffians*, and Beardless *Buggeroons* to attend thy Tail; Any Mortal that would not believe thy *Affidavit*, and make thy *Plot* his *Creed*, was forthwith put into it, or into as bad a condition; No Man was secure in his Bed, no Man's Life was his own; 'twas Peace, but a Peace

as dangerous as War; for the malicious Oath of any *Flagitious Villain*, was sufficient to send a Man to the *Gallows*, and to Carve out his Carcase for Crows-meat. Then was the time of great *Miracles*, and stupendious *Faith*; Men believ'd every thing; Not a Sooty Chimney took Flame without a *Papish Fire-ball*; not an idle Fanatick could run from his Creditors, slip into a corner with a Wench, &c. but 'twas reported he was snatcht away by some *Papist*, and sent into another world; The *French* with innumerable Ships and Boats descended out of the Moon, and subdu'd the Isle of *Purbeck*; *W. Bedloe* travers'd *Spain*, *France* & *Flanders* in the *Marshallsea*, was wonderfully convey'd from *Bristol* to make strange Discoveries, and from a very great Rogue suddenly transform'd into a Man of Virtue and Integrity. *France* by an admirable Providence, confess'd, deny'd, and declar'd great things. *Frigades* of Horie in bright Armour by Moon-light Associated under a Hedge to Assassinate my Lordship, but were prevented by a *Miracle*. Then were deep Secrets drag'd out of the Bowels of the Midwives *Meal-Tub*, and 300 *Wolves*, 300 *Letters*, and as many Suits of Cloaths found in the Inchanted Chamber of Col. *Mansel*; The *Wolves* were slain by his own Hand; The *Letters* sent to *Carolina* by *Tom Merry*, and the Cloaths were reserv'd for the Col's own wearing; But those Commissions *Waller* and He had in their custody, are not yet come to light. Then thou didst wisely re-collect thy self, that thou hadst seen 2 or 3 *Blue Garters* through 4 Key-holes.

By this time some of the *Greatest persons* in the three Kingdoms were entangled one way or other in the Plot; the next thing was to make it glance upon the King Himself: First we contrived to pluck the Kingdoms Sword out of His hands; to get the *Militia* from Him; then to steal away His other Sword from His side, to Indict His *Guards* upon an obsoleted Statute, as *Ryoters* and *Routers*, These meane failing, we stirred up *Legions* of Factious Fellows to Petition Him for a *Parliament*; that trick not doing the feat, we caused many poysonous *Libels* to be made upon Him, and very carefully disperst; next we Printed Treasonable *Pictures* and Pen'd obscene *Ballads* stuff full of Sedition and most malicious Ridaldry; as the *Raree-shew*, and many others; These we diligently cast abroad, and ordered our Pensioners *Aaron Smith*, *Stephen Colledge*, *S. Harris*, *Bedlow*, *Dangerfield* Brother *Sam. Coll. Mancel*, &c. to sing and chant them out in every place they came in. We very well understanding one way (a sure one too) to destroy a Prince, is, to render Him ridiculous, and little in the Eyes of His People.

All these projects, were backt with one more dangerous and dreadful, our late *Association*; this was our *True Protestant-Flail*, the Master-piece, of all our hopes.

London and *Middlesex* were certain Sanctuaries for any *True Protestant Traytor*. The *Sheriffs* were my Slaves, and their packt *Juries* my Vassals: Treason escaped Scot-free, and was esteemed a Cardinal virtue by every *True Protestant Dissenter*. All *Loyal Men* were called *Papists*, and all *Ministers* of State *Fritters* of *Popery*. *Juries* would not see light at noon-day, and in spight of *Magna Charta*, damn'd up the Sacred Streams of Justice. With what Face will those base Recreants to common sence, & the Sacrament of an Oath, who fixed an *Ignoramus* upon my *Association*, one day appear at a Barr, and hear the dreadful Statute of *Edward the First* read to them? Or how can those wilful Sots, those *Antipodes* to Reason and prudence, ever attone for their Folly and Madnes, who endeavoured by Seditious Arts and Rebellious Tumults, instead of two honest *English-men*, to set up two strange Calvinistical *Walloons* for *Sheriffs* of *London* and *Middlesex*? Or canst thou but expect Justice will catch thee by the crown, and thy *Buggeroons* by the back, who by thy command in all those *Ryots* dispence thy Bottles to the rude enraged Rabble to infence them up to commit Murthers on the King's Liege-people?

I leave thee to the Horror thou bearest in thy own Breast; for a wicked person is always in pain. He either practiseth the Evil he hath projected, or projects to avoid the Evil he hath deserved.

Adieu.

Amsterdam January 17th. Stilo novo. 1683.

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